

A Story of Trees

The magnificent stately oak, majestic in the forest over all others is the renowned robed King on the throne. The sycamore is the plumed Knight on a spirited horse. When wind thrusts, the oak stands rigid in defiance and the sycamore parries with muscled trunk while the wind slips by. As with nobility the oak changes are gentle from spring to spring; leaves arrive and go in



measured pace. But the sycamore is the one to behold in its innate beauty. Seen are slow beautiful changes of seasons that enhance our presence as each one opens.



In early spring the sycamore is a skeleton seen reaching into the sky. Rugged limbs extend randomly from the trunk like jagged lightening. Brown curls of bark have separated and have left the trunk and high limbs, blotched white. These shells lie on the

ground and cover the knuckled roots that cleave to the earth while small fluffy seed pods hang await.

In the springtime sunshine creates passing shadows over new forming leaves and limbs swaying in the breeze. Like lace they are framed upon a blue sky while lazy clouds drift by.



Summer moves in and leaves grown large,



cover the branches and bask in the sun. Seeds have blown, and the sycamore is in glory once again. When high winds and rains sweep in, the sycamore bows and turns and dances as a wooden mime in an awkward gavotte.

It is in the fall when artists gather their brushes and easels and pace out a ways to splash fall colors on canvas. The princely sycamore quietly poses in humility as moving sunshine slips beyond the large colorful leaves and branches and reveals its proud trunk.

It's the time to enjoy them even more by walking through a carpet of their large golden leaves, hear them rustle underfoot while picking up the scent of humid earth and woodlands in cool fall air.

Where would the oak be without the sycamore, or the King without the Knight or sycamore without the oak?

It is our pleasure to enjoy them both.



